Vol. III. Numb. 34.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amusements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the most

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domestick.

Perform'd by some of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the First and Second VOLUME, with the Assistance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Monday June 12th. to Wednesday June 14th. 1710.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. PRAY, *Explain that part of the* 2d. Ver. *of the* 1st. Chap. *of* Genesis, *which seems to imply the being of Waters called the Deep before the Heaven and the Earth were Created.*

A. How the Querist can make this to be imply'd, we cannot discover, if he understands the Word *Creation* right, which is only the making of the Materials of Heaven and Earth, and not the Formation of them into their Present Order. Indeed before the *Formation* of the World, we grant the Being of Waters, whether the Word here may be taken to express the Fluid State of the Chaos, or the Element of Water itself, which according to the Laws of Specific Gravity wou'd possess the uppermost Place, and cover the other Materials, as it did at the Deluge. But the Being of Waters before the Creation of Matter we cannot believe any one can conceive to be here imply'd.

Q. Gentlemen, *Pray, What Grounds had* Moses *to suppose that God wou'd deliver the Children of* Israel *by his Hands (as 'tis affirm'd he did* Acts, 7. 25.) *Since at the time of such Supposition his Reason was not assisted by Revelation?*

Yours, W. F.

A. Josephus in his Book against *Apion* says, *that God appeared to* Amram *the Father of* Moses, *as he was Praying to him for the Afflicted* Jews, *and told him, thy Son, now in thy Wife's Womb, shall escape the Hands of the* Egyptians *and shall deliver the* Hebrews *from them; and that to confirm this Vision his Wife brought him forth without any Pain.* We are therefore of Opinion that it is with Regard to this Story which was well known amongst the *Jews* that St. *Stephen* says, *Moses* had a Fore-knowledge that he should be the Deliverer of *Israel.*

Q. Ingenious Gentlemen, *Having Read somewhat of* Theology, *I Received this Notion, that Faith was the Instrumental Cause of our Justification; but Reading the other Day Bishop* Tillotson's 12th. *Volume,* Sermon *the* 8th. Page 237. *That Faith cannot in tolerable Propriety of Language be said to be the Instrument of our Pardon. Finding, I say, such a Great Man of the contrary Opinion, makes me apply my self to you for your Orthodox Judgment, who am an Admirer of your Papers.*

Yours, J——. L——.

A. To call Faith the Instrument of Justification seems indeed no less to us than to this Judicious Prelate inexplicable Jargon, the peculiar *Shibboleth* of Predestinarian Divines. *Faith,* say these Men, *is the Instrumental Cause which takes hold of the Righteousness of Christ.* The Reason is because we are never in Scripture said to be justified, διὰ τὴν πίστιν but πίστει, or διὰ τῆς πίστεως, or ἐκ πίστεως. The Reason is as incomprehensible as the Assertion, and yet no other way of Talking is admitted with them as Orthodox; yet we doubt very much whether they understand their own Language: At least they are justly Condemned for their introducing affected obscure Forms of Speech which do not Explain but darken the Faith of Christ. We agree indeed with them that Faith is neither the Meritorious nor formal Cause of Justification: Not the Meritorious Cause, because by its own Worth Remission of Sins and Imputation of Righteousness are not due to it: Not Formal, because Justification is is the Act of God's mere Mercy. It is therefore an imperfect Act which God of his Goodness accepts for Perfect and Complete, and for the Sake of which he is willing to bestow on Man Remission of Sins and the Reward of Eternal Life.

Q. Gentlemen, *I do earnestly beg your Answer to this, the hardest Question that ever was started to you. Whether there is one Man or Woman in this great City, that will lend an Ear to the just Cries of the Afflicted, Oppress'd and Distress'd. Honour'd Sirs, I impatiently wait your Answer and remain,*

Your Servant, N. E.

A. Were all as Uncharitable otherwise as you appear in your Censures, we should be Oblig'd to

Answer, there is not one, however we would not too rashly Condemn you, since perhaps this Reflection of yours may be extorted by some Sufferings you lye under, yet if it be so, such Uncharitable Reflections will not be a Motive to People's Compassion, you will not find in History any Age or Country, that produced such glorious acts of Charity as this Present Age has done in this Kingdom. What think you of her Majesty's giving up the first Fruits to the Clergy, to her Immortal Renown, of the Fund Raised for Clergy-men's Widows and Orphans, and that for ever to be unparalel'd Charity, in Constituting Charity-Schools for so many Thousand Children, not only tending to present Relief, but for their Constant Future well-being. And this at a time, when the Nation hath been so many Years Oppress'd by Wars. Besides innumerable acts of Charity every Day manifested in this Great City; all which are owing to Her Majesty's Bright Example and the Exhortations of the most Learned, and most Pious Clergy as ever any Nation was Bless'd with.

Q. Gentlemen, *What is the Reason of St.* Catharine *being always Pictured with a Wheel?*

A. It is report'd of her that when *Maxentius* the Emperor Cruelly Persecuted all such as refused to Sacrifice to Idols, she being a Christian and in high Reputation for her Learning, rebuked him for his Inhumanity and Comforted those Christians that Suffered under it, which so Incensed the Emperor that he Practis'd a great many Cruelties upon her, and afterwards caused a Wheel to be made with Iron Saws and Swords with which he designed to Torment her, but in vain; for by the Prayers of St. *Catherine*, the Wheel broke asunder and did more Hurt the by-standers than herself; in Memory of which Miracle (whether true or feigned it is no matter) she is usually Painted with a Wheel.

Q. Gentlemen, *It is commonly said that the Materials of which* Porcellane *or* China-Dishes *are made, lay in Preparation under Ground, a Hundred Years. I desire to be inform'd of the Truth of this, and of the most Authentic Account you meet with concerning the manner of making* China, *and whether it may not be possible for the* Europeans *to attain this Curious Art.*

A. If the *Europeans* cou'd but be provided with the same Materials we make no doubt of their Capacity of attaining this Art. Even the latest Travellers differ in their Accounts of the making of *China*, tho' the Burying of the Materials under Ground so long a Time has been long since rejected as Fabulous. *Nieuhoff*'s Account of it appears to us the most full and probable, who tells us that it is made of a sort of Earth which is brought from a certain Hill in the Province of *Nanking* in *China*: That this Earth is not moist like Clay or Chalk, but dry like fine Sand; that they dissolve it in Water, for which Purpose they find that all sorts of Water will not do, but find they Succeed the best with that of *Vieichea Fa* and the Circumjacent Places; and that having wrought this into Vessels of all Shapes and Siezes at Pleasure, they first dry them in the Sun, before they venture them in the Oven, after which they put them into the Furnace and let them Bake for Fifteen Days, and stand Fifteen Days after that to Cool before they take them out.

Q. Apollo, *I have long Courted* Fortune; *never any Inamorato Courted his Mistress with more Fervency, when he was Dying for her, never Zealot was more Ardent in his Devotions, yet still she Flies from me, Spurns me, and looks on me,* as the Devil look'd over Lincoln. *When any call her Inconstant Gipsey, I take her part, and well I may, for to my Sorrow, I find she is Constant in her Aversion for me, yet still she Frowns on me and Smiles on those who neglect her; now tell* Apollo's *Offspring, is not my Case hard, and much to be Pity'd.*

A. Not in the least, for you deserve rather Reprehension than Pity, for Courting so Zealously such a Blind, Senseless Common Harlot, who throws her Favors on the next Comers, without making the least Distinction of Merit, and Dotes on none but Knaves and Fools: Yet is never Constant even to those, nor absolutely gives any thing, but retains a Right of Recovery at Pleasure, and when you think you have fastest hold of her, she slips from between your Fingers and Vanishes, leaving you in a more Deplorable Condition, than she found you in; not only reducing you to your former Exigences, but leaves you with the Addition of Mocks, Scorns and Contempts. When she pretends greatest Friendship for you she brings in her Train, your most Fatal Enemies, Flattery, Malice and Envy. All you Learn from her, is to forget your self, and when she forsakes you, no Man Receives you. Address *Virtue* with the same Fervency, as you did *Fortune*, and she will Fortify your Mind against all the Assaults of the other, prove a Constant Mistress in your greatest Distress, relieve you under your greatest Oppressions, and Crown your Services, with the most Glorious Rewards.

POEMS.

Q. *WHEN Sable Night her Dusky Wings had (spread,*
And o'er the Heav'n her Gloomy Robe display'd,
The Fair Mervina, Nymph of my desire,
The Tender Partner of my softest Fire;
The softest, kindest, most endearing Maid,
With matchless Truth, Beauty and Sense array'd.
To Bless her, Torresmond *with mutual Love,*
Retiring met her in a lonely Grove:
Where Wanton Boughs closely Combining made,
By their Embrace, a Wreathing Silvan Braid:
Whilst all was still except the Whispering Breaths,
Of Gentle Winds, which shook the Trembling Trees:
And Philomels *Complaints, whose Warbling Airs,*
With grateful Sadness, sooths the Lovers Cares.
With open Arms the Blessing I Receiv'd,
With Chast Embraces prest the Lovly Maid,
Whose Blushing Face a Thousand Charms display'd.
Transporting Pleasures did our Hours Imploy,
And Balmy Kisses much Increas'd the Joy:
With all the softest Rhetoric I strove,
For to express my Sacred Ardent Love;
Whilst her bright Eyes an equal Passion show'd,
And from her Tongue the Tender'st Actions flow'd;
Harmonious Bards, *who in sweet Numbers Sing,*
The Pains and Pleasures of this Worldly Scene:
Say, doth this State greater Enjoyment prove,
Than being Lov'd, by those we Passionately Love.

A. No

A. No Bliss so Great, Spirituous and Refin'd,
Nor none with so much Rapture fills the Mind;
As that the Lover's Transports, when the Fair,
With Blushes owns, *my Conqueror you are:*
All other Pleasures sink in this, the Joys
Of Crowns compar'd, seem unregarded Toys:
Fortune and *Fate* no Pow'r have to Controul,
Th' Extatic Fit which Seizes then the Soul:
But ah! consider the Surrender'd Fort,
Give Pleasures wondrous great, but wondrous short.
Young *Strephon* promis'd in Fair *Sylvia*'s Love,
An Heav'n and an Eternal one to prove.
He Laugh'd at those who Cry'd, *believe it Swain,*
This Bliss won't always at this pitch remain;
Nature allows such Joys, but for a Tast.
Yes, yes, said he, they will for ever last;
But when one Revolution of Sun
Was ended, and another just begun;
His long Eternity alas! was o'er,
And's Heav'n of Happiness ne'er thought on more.
A Cold Indiff'rence first his Heart did Seize,
And now the Nymph can scarcely speak, to please:
There's *Damon* too whose Passion scarce had seen
Three Moons, before it sunk into the Spleen:
His Blood which started forth to be her Price,
Is now Congeal'd all to a Cake of Ice:
And Her, whose Smiles Charm'd with such full (Delight,
He scarcely now can bear within his Sight.
Not thus with all, but all too quickly find,
Those *Vi'lent Transports* fled which Seiz'd the Mind;
And that those Joys ~~more really do~~ do all more truly ly,
Fixt in the Fancy than Reality.
If truest Happiness you'd then explore,
Think it all less and that will make it more.

Q. *I am inclin'd to Travel,* Phœbus *say,*
How shall I at the first direct my way;
With best Improvements *that I may be Fraught,*
And all the best of Moral Virtues Taught.

A. First Travel through your self, examine where
You're most Defective, place strick Cent'nels there,
To ev'ry Passion fix a Curb, when these,
You have perform'd, then Travel where you please.

APOLLO,

Q. *I'm amaz'd at the Signs,*
As I pass through the Town;
To see the odd mixture,
A Magpye *and* Crown,
The Whale *and the* Crow,
The Razor *and* Hen;
The Leg *and* Sev'n Stars,
The Bible *and* Swan:
The Ax *and the* Bottle,
The Tun *and the* Lute;
The Eagle *and* Child,
The Shovel *and* Boot:
With a Thousand such Whimseys;
Now, Pray, what pretences,
Have Tradesmen to such,
Except out of their Senses.

A. Those mixtures are all
A Propos to their Lives,
And to all those Rules,
By which the *Cit* thrives.
They'll Pray, and Deceive you,
And Bite you and Smile,
Look with Honest Face,
When they Practice a Wile:
They'll make things seem plain,
Which are all Mysteries,
Make Conscience of Oaths,
But never of Lies.
Their Signs and their Ways thus
Exactly agree,
In both whic you nothing,
But Patches can see:
Nor can you much Blame them,
On Policy's Score,
Who believe to be Honest,
Is the Way to be Poor.

To those Ingenious Gentlemen, *the Authors of the* BRITISH APOLLO.

THUS when the Universal Chaos lay
All o'er Confus'd, Unactive then remain'd,
When Night Succeeded Night, no Lucid Ray
Of Chearful Light, in those Dark Regions reign'd.

'Till by Almighty Pow'r the Chaos mov'd
And Latent Atoms, were with Life endow'd:
Thus they Existence had by Heav'n approv'd,
And thus th' Almighty's Sovereign Pow'r was show'd.

Tho' Inconspicuous 'till Celestial Light,
It's Splended Beams in Beautious forms display'd,
Each Being then enliven'd with Delight,
To decent Harmony was soon convey'd.

Thus like that Light by Providential Care,
By his Peculiar Care, oh sure he plac'd
You, whose unerring Judgment in that Sphere,
Which there's with Knowledg so profoundly Grac'd.

The busy Deist searches Texts Obscure,
Which Sacred Writ in dubious Terms conceals,
But you with Arguments so bright, so pure,
Disperse those Mists, when he to you Appeals.

Th'

Th' Unhappy Wretch Surrounded with Despair
Receives such Comforts from th' Advice you give;
You for each Wounded Soul such Balm prepare,
When once they tast they soon Revive and Live.

Nature's Misterious Tracts at once you Trace
Not with a Transient, but a Lasting View,
All her Meander'd Paths secure you Chace
With Manly Energy the Cause pursue.

What Art affords, in Solid Knowledg there
You by convincing Arguments explore,
Questions thus sent on purpose to ensnare,
Your Answers shew you've Rifl'd all its store.

Bright Youths proceed and may the Trump of (Fame
To far, far distant Realms your Praises Sound,
May the Encomiums of *Apollo*'s Name
From the Earth to the Skies, from the Skies to the Earth Resound.

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SIR,

THE Advices from Brussels, June the 2d. are, That the Siege of Doway is considerably advanced, that since they have begun to Batter the place its thhught the Besieged will be forced to Surrender the place in few Days; That the 5 Deputies of the States General are arrived at Ghent; That the 2 Deputies there with their Council of State and Finances are gone to them to Confer with Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough about the present State of Affairs, and to Raise Money to pay the Imperial Army under Prince Eugene's Command. The Letters from Barcelona advise that General Staremberg was Encamp'd near Balaguer, his Army consisting of 21000 Foot and 5000 Horse, and that he was Daily to be Reinforc'd by the Troops arrived in Italy; The Letters from Paris, say that the King has sent Orders to all the Country people to take up Arms in Picardy 12 Leagues beyond the River Somme, to oppose the Incursions they apprehend the Allies will make after the Surrender of Doway, and has sent Orders to Artois to Cut down all the Corn, thereby to prevent them from penetrating that way. The advices from the Hague are that the Letters from the Camp before Doway, say that the Besiegers at the Lese attack had planted 4 more peices of Cannon on the Batteries, by which they had already made a Breach in the Town Wall, that they were ready to Spring a Mine under the Traverse in Case they will not quit the same, and that they had drawn a small Line of Communication from one Battery to another to secure the Men going to and fro, that the next Day they were to storm the Ravelins, to that they are almost assured, that they shall be Masters of both these Works in 2 or 3 Days.

Which is all from Yours, &c.

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